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LAMOURS D'EUN PASHA,

An Acting Drama in 1. Act by WM. BUSH.

"Our German Cousin from America."

AUTHOR OF THE FOLLOWING BOOKS AND DRAMAS:

"Ocean Wave," "Evening Thoughts," "Miscellaneous Poems,"  
"Gabriels Inspection Tour," Dramas: "Prometheus," "Margurate,"  
"The Red Hand," "Brother Jonathan," etc.

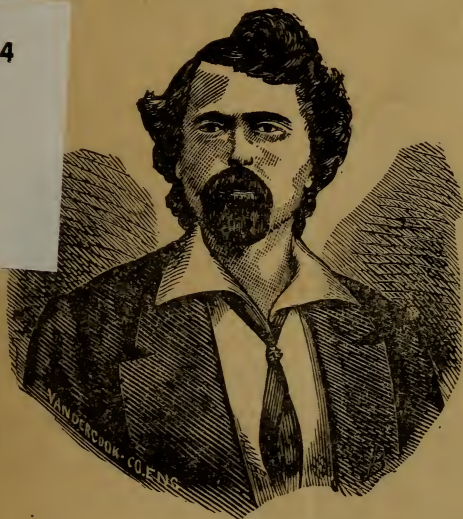
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*Yours truly  
Bush*



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## DEDICATION.

To George Kruikshank, Esq., Is dedicated this drama as a token of profound respect for the genial friend and veteran in art and reform, who with Messrs. Geo. Campel, Danvers and others of my numerous and esteemed London friends introduced me, as "Our German Cousin from America," to London audiences, whom I had the honor publicly to address during my sojourn in London in 1870, while on a tour on the continent.

THE AUTHOR.

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

MEHEMED,—A Turkish Pasha.

MUKHTAR,—His Vizier.

LUDOVIC,—An English Gentleman.

BEATRICE,—An English lady.

SUSSIE,—Her Chamber maid.

Enunchs, Poets, Musician, Photographer, Florist, Modist, Turkish women, Turkish soldiers, Eccentrics, Ollapods and Supernumeraries.

## SCENERY.

Drama located in Constatinople:

SCENE I.—A room in the palace of the pasha in 3rd and 4th grooves, furnished in palatial style, turkish fashion.

SCENE changes to road in 1st or 2nd groove. On flat, is suburb of Constantinople and Olympus.

SCENE II.—A Turkish hotel, furnished oriental fashion. situation of it commences with 2nd groove, running to rear. Parlor is located in front at R. of stage, it is open towards front, but otherwise inclosed with glass partition, a side door leading in it, from hotel office, which is located in rear of parlor and towards L. of stage. It has usual furniture, counter, etc.

SCENE changes to street in 1st groove.

SCENE III.—A Seraglio in 2nd, 3rd and 4th grooves, it is divided by glass partition in rear, luxuriously furnished turkish style.

SCENE changes to street in 1st groove.

SCENE IV.—A mosque and mausoleum in 2nd, 3rd and 4th grooves, tomb is surrounded by a railing, stands

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in rear at R. of stage, door of tomb fronts audience. Track of railway runs in rear of tomb from R. to L. diagonal cross stage. Tomb is surmounted by a cupola. Inside of tomb contains pious pictures, frescoes and mosaics, statue of Mohamed on pedestal in it, Beatrice in former dress or shroud as best suits, stands erect in coffin, lid open and fronting to audience her hands folded resting on a wire, at whose end a bell is attached. Moon rising illumines scene.

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### STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right side of stage, L. left, F. front, M. middle, D. door, C. centre.

N. B.—A mere outline is here given as to scenery, stage directions, gestures, incidents and dramatic effects. Costumes to suit the characters assumed.

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SCENE I.—A room in the palace of the pasha. *Enter Pasha Mehemed and eunuch, pasha sits down.*

- P. Have you put all the wheels in motion and learned all about that fair christian charmer, I saw this morning on the mart.
- E. I have your excellency, as far as my sex and position will permit.
- P. My commission needs no innuendos I don't expect, that the tyler of my morganatic wives, spies into her toilet chamber, to examine into the quality of her corset, or explores her coifur, or meddles with her paraphernalia, via dentist, barber, modist or pedalic artist. Let me briefly know where she comes from and whither she goes.
- E. Briefly then I say, she comes from England and thither she goes again.
- P. Tyler you're excruciatingly brief, you may preserve you modesty and still let me know in what caravansary of our great city she stops, who is her escort and all her surroundings, safe that of the milliner.
- E. If I be permitted I may say then, that she arrived here a few days ago, to inspect our city and that to night she will leave again with the train for "ould hengland" I found out that she with some superfluous relative and and her future intended, had visited Jerusalem, the Christian's Mecca and while their her male companions had been made a head shorter.
- P. Ah! I understand and rejoice, the male escorts lost their breaths, the ignis fatuus which lights up our mundane existence.



- E. The very thing, some wild beast of an arabian desert had played the deuce with them. In short I have set all machinery in motion, so that you excellency may yet harbor this christian morsel.
- P. If all speeds well, a thousand rubels will be thine; but get her at all hazards as I have set my eye on her, I may say my heart.
- E. (*aside*). That sulphur eye of his augurs ill.  
(*aloud*). I have learned that this afternoon, she will take her last drive through our surburbs and I have bribed the driver, so that at a certain point the carriage will break down.
- P. Bravo! Spike the wheels, for I must have her either by fair or if need be by foul means.
- E. Thus then at the happening of the accident we will all rush to the carriage for rescue and conduct her to her hotel and thus her immediate departure will be delayed.
- P. And have you send out those powerful auxiliaries of love. The Knights of the muse, the fidler and the poet, as well, as the counter—feiter of nature, the artists of the brush, canvas and camera and last but not least the modist and florist.
- E. I have send your exellency's valets and they have scoured the highways and the byways for these vermins, and soon an army of dissemblers of art and nature, will be here to serve your execllency's pleasure.
- P. As soon as then, as they come send them to me one after another, and bring me a list of their names and vocation. (*Bell rings enter Mukhtar his vizier*). On the peril of your life let nothing come short to accomplish this mission, but here comes my vizier. (*Eunuch bowing and exit*). Now my valued friend (*shake hands*) you just arrived in time, when I was balancing in the scale one of the gentle sex.
- V. And turned she out light or heavy?
- P. As far as appearance showed she turned out heavy on virtue.
- V. Need I tell you, an old sailor on the matrimonial sea, that appearances often deceive.
- P. True all that radiates, and sheds fragrance like a rose bud, is not one. But she has other admirable qualities, she is a christian, and you know how much I like to possess one of the daughters of the despised Nazarene, they are are so lovable.
- V. Perhaps she is a blarsted brittisher in crinolines.
- P. Just so.
- V. Does she take any "hale"?
- P. No but she rides on the "orse."
- V. Has she any other recommendations?

- P. I think she can wag her ear.  
V. Take care she might wag her tongue.  
P. In short I conceived a passion for her, when I saw her this morning on the mart.  
V. And the appetite of Mahomed's corner stone must be satisfied.  
P. Allah be praised.  
V. But I thought that a man of your years and dignity, was not the plaything of the whims and desires of youth.  
P. My friend (*points to himself*) look at this portly frame full of vigor, the blood coursing lustily through the arteries. Am I not compelled to love and sigh in the presence of beauty, like the verdant swain who carries his heart on his coat lapel. Youth may chide age for doating, and age chide youth for rashness; but youth and age are alike subject to the whims of the amorous passion, and nothing, but the man with the sythe can crop such proclivities.  
V. But then age is the contemporer of reason.  
P. Ha! ha! Love in its various phases, is alike in youth and age. It leads reason by the nose. It is bred, and born in our flesh and bones and the only difference between youth and age is, that in the latter the execution runs short of the desire and the appetite eternally craving without due satisfaction.  
V. But your station.  
P. Station and dignity are empty bubbles, if we don't enjoy the pleasures of this this mundane sphere. A life enjoyed to the brim, is a life well spent.  
V. And to the circle of pleasures belongs women.  
P. Aye! they are the circle, nay the sum and substance, with only a few other solitary spokes of pleasures in the cycle of enjoyment.  
V. But how about the lady, how will you make her keel over.  
P. Everything is in motion, to get this charmer into my seraglio. Her carriage will break down on the street and she will be compelled to stay a few days longer in one of our caravansaries, and I have engaged a score of shams to entangle her in the web of love.  
V. Shams—shams, pray what are they?  
P. Why! the poets, fidellers, painters, modists, tailors, florists, dentists, coifeurs and a lot of others, in fact we are all shams, society is a sham.  
V. A fair confession but what has that to do with the love intrigue.  
P. Why these dissemblers are the fans which fan love into life and existence. They are the prompters which call



the affections forth, they cloth venus with most seductive charms, throw a roseate halo around cupid's form.

V. And thus loves masquerate begins.

P. (*Enter valet with list*). But hold on, here are at the very props on which love rests and now hear how I will catechise them (*takes list from valet*). Let loves torch bearers enter as I call them, (*calls from list*). Signor Condy, (*he enters, somber, long hair.*) Are you a born poet or a made one. let me see your rhyme, (*he hands him paper.*) Poet. Both your excellency, betwixt and between, half made half born.

P. (*peruses it*). Why sir this an obituary poem. I don't want that yet, it may do hereafter, but just now I want something lively, to stir love's fires, young man bury your profession, nature designed you to be a coffin maker. (*Waves him off and he exits*). Master Hanswurst, (*he enters*). I hope your rhyme won't be of that jaw breaking caliber, as your name, (*he takes paper silently peruses*). That won't do either, you got somewhat the nack of pöesy, but it has the odor of grog, such poetry would'nt cater to the sentimental and fickle taste of love. (*Waves him off he exits*). Don Juan (*he enters*). Well my friend let me see of what pöesy your brain has been delivered, (*gives paper which he peruses*). well Sir! in nature's workshop you seem to have been made for the thing intended. There is music in every rhyme; But mind you, in the sonnet, you compose for the lady of my adoration. don't sacrifice sense for rhyme, soar as high, as possible, for know the sentiment of love's spring is lofty, but take care to keep the altitude attained, and let not your dulcet metre sink with one fell swoop down into the abyss.

V. Pray my lord let him be the judge, the man is of the right metal.

P. I don't care in how many feet you divide the sonnet or whether it be iambic, trochaic, rhyme or blank verse, so you season it with the scintilation of wit and humor, calling forth loves sentiments in a lady's breast. a lady who partialy mourns for the departed lover, and slightly looks hopeful forward for the new comer. Pray be seated, till I have seen the rest of love's caval cadé, (*he sits*). Peregrin Pickle, (*he enters with fiddle in hand*). Ha! this is the musical pickle abroad, which I want to see. Now sir, to night I want you to serenade my lady love, and evoke from your instrument the sweetest music, it is capable of; but take care, not to bring forth from your fiddle strings, such tunes, as are homogenous to the animals from which they are taken.

V. You mean Cat's mews.

P. Even those—they may be suggestive of the passion, but they don't evoke them in the animal man. I will not prescribe to you when you should play a staccato or allegretto, whether to strike C. mayor or E. fiat. But let your lyre fill the ambrosal air of her chamber with love's dulcet and plaintive notes, with occasionally something lively thrown in, suggestive of the bridal chamber. Pray be seated with your brother artist, (*he sits*). Master Dromio, (*he enters with camera, brush and canvas*) I have summoned you here to take to night a counterpart of nature's self on your canvas. The original whose picture you are to take, is a paragon of her sex.

V. A lady is allways a paregon of her sex to her lover.

P. True, I see with lover's eyes, therefore sir artist counterfiet her on your canvas, as the queen of her sex and as a fit companion for our station. Place your camera unobserved at her window lattice, for to take a true copy of natures self, it must be done unnoticed when no artful smile, plays on her dimpled cheeks, and no false duds add gloss to a form divine. Pray take a seat with your brother artists, (*he sits to eunuch standing at door*). Call Mrs. Teazle the modist and madam Sun flower the florist, (*Eunuch calls, they enter*). Ladies I cannot instruct you in your several arts, as I'm a foreigner in the kingdom of female apparal, observe only this, to bring such knacks of your divers arts, to my lady love, as will cox forth the cherubim of love, (*All rise*). Let me then in parting all instruct you to play your roles assigned, as an actor on the mimic stage who struts and frets, smiles and whines, acts the tragic or the comic part true to real life, lastly, but not least, let me enjoin you to season the victuals of your art, with the technic of your profession.

(*Scene changes to road enter 2 enuchs and 2 men with spades and picks, who make a hole in road*).

I. E. (*to men*). Here boys make a pit in this road to catch the deer.

II. E. Well colleague have you executed the pasha's order and spied that fair christian charmer of his.

I. I have succeeded, as I allways do, even to the split of her hair, and know her by circumstances, don't you see my men already at work to trap her.

II. And by way of punctation you would like to kiss her.

I. No I abjured such folly long ago, and I shall leave the the osculatory part to the pasha, when he has secured her in his arbor.

II. Good reason why, you being a eunuch, the ladies now

adays particularly the meek followers of the Nazarine, like something more genuine, they don't like shadows. But what of the plot to secure her in the meshes. As I said by circumstances, and you know circumstances, is a powerful catch pol, if you leave out the 'If'.

- II. Peace! I say you word monger. 'If' is peace maker; but come to the plot.
- I. The plot then is; but don't you take the credit of it, after I have divulged it.
- II. Most religiously I swear, I will not partake of the credit, (*aside*). That fellow thinks, that he is a wonderful fool.
- I. As I said by circumstances I found out, that the lady with some of her relatives and her intended had sojourned from great Brittain to Jerusalem on a mission of piety, and while there, her cavaliers making an excursion in the surrounding country never returned; as some barbarians or wild beasts had made a sky light in their craniums.
- II. Just as I expected, the mission of piety made mintz meat of them, a morsel for wild beasts and some scalps to ornament the abode of our country men, Salem!
- I. Allah! be praised; but I have nothing to do with the scalps, but with the lady; she returned alone, and on her way home meandered through our city and while on our mart, the eye of our master caught sight of her.
- II. And the gaze of that hot tropical sulphur like eye, thawed her icy northern heart and quickened it into new life and hope.
- I. By circumstances, a fellow should believe that you had worn petticoats, and experienced the feeling of the gentle sex under such haluncination.
- II. Ah! young man, if you have been as long, as I, a tyler of virgin shrines and guardian of the sealed doves of the pasha, you will have no doubts about it, you will then know all the stops and pauses, the entries and the exits, the prologues and the epilogues, the storms and the sunshine of loves carnival in a woman's heart.
- I. (*aside*.) Call me young man, after having hammered down 3 score years, (*aloud*.) An old crusader like me, ceases to be young, except in spirit.
- II. Of course I refer to the spirit, I know that your limbs are frail, and your bones have become brittle through age, yet your spirit is ever perennial and verdant; but to the plot.
- I. (*aside*.) Thus genius is always misunderstood, but by and by I will let him feel that my spirit is not as verdant; as his. (*aloud*). She will presently pass here on this road in a carriage, when she thus arrives and passes

over (*points to pit.*) this pit, one of the wheels will sink down into it and the carriage will then keel over, we run to the rescue, and the ladies journey is thereby delayed.

II. Par excellence—now I see it all.

I. Pray don't take the credit of it. Thus she will again return to the hotel until the next train leaves for Great Britain, the Pasha in the mean time will send her an invitation, accompanied with presents, to visit the harem. thus her curiosity will be excited to view the splendor of the seraglio, which sight is seldom accorded to the eyes of christian dogs. When he has her thus once in the seraglio, then good by butterfly and ring the curtain down.

(*Workmen now cover pit over.*)

II. Just as I expected, a fly within the spider's web is powerless. But colleague see here, these crude dissemblers cover up their track.

I. It is their business. Thus it is the world over, things are not what they seem, and the sole business of most people is to dig pits for their brother man to fall into.

II. And sometimes they fall in them selves, but look the work is done.

(*Workmen take their utensils and exeunt, while II. eunuch looks out, the rattling of an approaching carriage and the snapping of the whip and the driver's ye ho! is heard.*)

II. They are coming—now quick lets be of and watch them at you corner, and then rush forward apparently to assist them, when the carriage wheel sinks into the pit.

(*All exeunt at L. while at R. passes over stage a carriage with 2 ladies in it, (Beatrice and Suesie her chamber maid), wheel of carriage sinks in hole and it careens to one side ladies shriek and tumble out, while the 2 eunuchs rush in and help them. Beatrice limps a little, carriage wheel falls off.*)

B. Most unfortunate, I didn't dream of being just capsized here in the city of the celestials.

S. How is your lady ship? I came luckily of with a sprain of the ankle.

B. O Sussie! I think, I am not seriously hurt, but this will compell us to stay a couple of days longer here among the turks, (*to eunuch*), Conduct us to the hotel de Ville.

(*Eunuchs take baggage, driver is fixing carriage.*)

E. We will send for the blacksmith to fix the carriage.

(*All exeunt except driver.*)

*End of Scene.*



SCENE. II.—*The hotel. At the opening of the scene, is seen the photographer with camera at outside of hotel parlor taking pictures of Beatrice and Sussie who are in it. Before scene opens is heard the music of the fiddle, and the opening of scene finds fiddler standing out side of parlor door fiddling a fantasie. Also stands there the the modist with turkish dresses, florist with boquet and poet with rolls of paper. Hotel office is full of people, all appear conversing.*

- B. Well Sussie, we are moving along here in this heathen city rather swimmingly, only a few days here and all-ready getting serenaded.
- S. I rather like it it here, those heathens have more lovable qualities, then I expected at first.
- B. I wonder what swain can it be that has allready been smitten with my charms and serenades me O nights.
- S. I think it must be that turkish officer who scanned you so closely, while we were strolling on the mart. Perhaps some pasha has set his cap for you.
- B. He may as well set his cap for somebody else, as it dose'nt behoof me right on the heel of the loss of my lover in the holy land to value the smiles of another.
- S. There is your lady-ship on the wrong track, dead is stone dead, let us enjoy the living, (*aside*). I would not throw away any offer—nay not me, (*aloud*). But hark that music is bewitching, it is the prelude of a budding love a fair.
- B. I would like my self to see my adorer for curiosity sake
- S. (*aside*). Curiosity—yes curiosity, a woman sometimes marries for curriosity, (*aloud*). But pray don't chide him, let occassionally fall a sweet glance on him from your captivating eyes, for you know the saying, "While in Rome do as roman do" that means while with turks, reject no turkish offer.
- B. Sussie you are a wild roving bee, you suck the honey from every masculine flower. But yet I must confess, this is sweet music, I wonder whether that lover's face is as sweet too.
- S. Perhaps bearded like a goat.
- B. Ah Sussie the longer a man's beard, the more we ladies doat on him.
- S. (*aside*). Not me—I don't like a man haired all over like a buffalo rope, (*aloud*). I like the beausuoly after they are shaved.
- B. But Sussie, you don't know what is good for you ; besides after marriage you can shave your husband as much as you please, the law allows it. (*Poet rings door bell*). Quick Sussie, I ween that the forruner of Dan Cupid has arrived, pray you counterfeit me.



S. Yes counterfeit you, yea going to the bower of love for somebody else, but never enter its portals. If you list, I will receive the onslought and play the lady, but then you should act the chambermaid and open the door.

B. True—and I will do it to perfection, (*B. going and opening door*). Walk in Sir—walk in sir.

(*Enter poet, florist and modist as seen before*). You like to see Lady Beatrice I suppose, (*all nodding assent*). yonder she sits.

(*Points to Sussie on sofa, poet advances towards her, rest remain at door*).

P. (*aside*). A most homely piece she is and my poetry is all thrown away on a pullet like her. I wonder where the pasha had his eyes. Yet it does not matter to me. I must earn my ducats, (*aloud when near Sussie*). Sweet lady, if you be she, in the language of poetassa allow me to congratulate you. No fairer flower grew on Holborn hill, than you sweet lady of the rill.

S. This may be poetry, but pray what is your mission?

P. (*Gives her role of paper*). Here is a message from the pasha, in whose eyes, your lady ship has found grace. Allah be praised. It contains the expression of his heart, with as much poetry as I could infuse into it.

S. My dear Sir, we are much obliged for the esteem expressed by his highness, but in the country where we come from, courting is not done by proxy.

P. Your ladyship—his highness is a very diffident man and I'm his mouth piece, and he desires you while here in the Orient to do him the pleasure to visit his palace.

S. We will do so with great pleasure in order to learn as much, as possible of your art, manners and customs.

P. (*Exit bowing backward and forward*). We are much beholden to your ladyship.

B. (*To the 2 women*). As I suppose you desire to see the lady also, step forward.

(*They advance S. offers chairs to them, they sit*).

S. Now ladies what can I do for you.

FLOR. (*Lays flowers on table*). The pasha has send to your ladyship for acceptance, this insignificant memento of his esteem.

S. (*aside to B*). Shall I say it? (*B. nods assent*). (*aloud*). Mahomed be glorified.

MOD. (*Lays now turkish suit on table*). And here he sends to you a souvenir of the habiliments of our sex as worn by us.

S. (*alide to B*). Shall I say it, (*B. nods assent*). (*aloud*). Allah be praised I'm much indebted to the Pasha for his kindness.

(*Women bowing and going, 1st to 2nd woman*).

- F. The pasha is a fool for wasting his gifts on such a Biddy.  
M. She is a Hussey—what a big foot she has, (*exeunt*).  
B. Without flattery—That music is really sweet.  
S. He is playing now a dance, we may as well take advantage of such good look, and have a dance all to ourselves, what think you of it? shall we take a bite.  
B. Well really Sussie, I don't know.  
(*B. takes paper and peruses it*).  
S. Why there are as many good fish in the sea as there are out of it.  
B. This is most sweet poetry and here I find a most polite invitation from the pasha to visit the seraglio.  
S. Well! then we are all hunky lets enjoy all the fun in it.  
B. Well Sussie! out his good luck, as a prologue, we might take a turn at the phantastic toe, to the measure of the dulcet tones without. If I had only had seen the Pasha, to see what looking man he is.  
S. Can see be otherwise, than sweet, who sends such rare presents.  
B. Then Sussie we will go and see him and his institution only for curiosity.  
S. Yes only for curiosity, (*aside*). Curiosity does good deal for a woman.  
(*They dance while scene changes to street. Enter Ludovic, B's lover who is supposed to be lost in Asia*).  
I. Fate has cast the die against me. While thus on a trip to the holy land, my expectant bride believed the report that I had been killed by some wild beast while strolling around the suburbs of Jerusalem, while in fact I had only lost my way which delayed my return to Jerusalem for a few days. Thus frightend, like a deer, by the report, she starts post haste for old England again. I expected that I would be able to over take her here in Constantinople, but all to no avail, (*talk heard without, looks out*). But here I see some mussulemen approach let me step aside, (*steps aside*), and see what the future has for me in in the womb of time.  
(*Enter 2 Eunuchs from opposite sides both meet at M*).  
I. Weil guardian of the Pasha's virgin shrine, what news oday?  
II. Nothing new, except that virgins are now pretty scares in this yer country.  
I. Plenty of them in other countries, but how is your master the pasha, getting along? did he entangle that fair christian?  
II. Entangle! I should say so, he got her under lock and ky.  
But great Brittain won't stomach this, as 'tis against the international law.  
I.

II. Ha, ha, what do we care here in turkey for Jonnie Bull, he can't bull doze us here, 3000 miles away; besides nobody knows it, except us, and we got our mouth sealed with a court plaster.

I. True—too true, we have to blow the horn of our masters who feed us, if we know on which side our bread is buttered, besides I like that kind of game, occasionally to entangle a fair christian.

II. It sharpens your appetite, though you cannot enjoy it.

I. Just so—just so—there is as often as much enjoyment in observation as feeding oneself, but I'm glad, that I have run across you here, as I want you to go with me to the harem.

II. Agreed—there we can butter it.

*(Both exeunt arm in arm, reenter Ludovic).*

L. Perhaps there I struck the key note. Eaves dropping is sometimes legitimate and of great service. He said a fair christian and from Great Britain, that savors of my lady love's indentury; can it be possible, that she has been abducted into a harem? Now I must run quickly after those turkish monsters so as not to loose the scent of them, and great god if this now vague suspicion proves true, then by high heaven's above me, I will run my sword through the lascivious careass of whatever turkish dog detains her.

*(Exeunt on a run).*

*End of Scene.*

SCENE. II.—*The Scraglio, Beatrice and Sussie found sitting on an ottoman, some turkish ladies launching on ottoman, or squatting on floor, some turkish dancing nympts are dancing turkish fashion, music adante. Enter Pasha in State dress, performance ceases, all the turkish ladies run to him and take hold of him—as if carressing.*

P. I'm a muchly married man—away, away ye fool killers. My stomach is surfeitted with your sweetness. Something new and fresh can only call a relapsed appetite into activity.

*(All turkish women pull pasha out).*

B. *(Imploringly).* O my Sussie, what shall I do? this turk who compells me to stay within these walls, I have every reason to fear, will also use force to accomplish his wish.

S. My dear misstress, I know of no escape, except by working on his superstition. If he should assault your honor, I might awe him to desist by appearing in next *(points)* room as death, the avenger, having at my side, a statue of Mahomet, frowning at the act, and thus the fear of his prophets displeasure, might hold him in check.

B. For the love of heaven safe me Sussie.

P. (*Reenter Pasha to Sussie*). You may step aside, I have one word with you mistress, (*she exits. to B*). Only to this new blown rose, I came to pay my respect.

B. Respect? may heap insult to injury. This rose under your forced roof will soon wither.

(*Bell rings, enter lady with boquet, gives it to pasha and exit*).

P. Ah? lady not so bitter, while enjoying the hospitality under this roof nobody shall dare force you.

B. You call this hospitality, first decoying me, under the false pretence, to visit your harem, and then forcing me to stay within its walls.

P. I was simply overcome by my feelings and as love laughs at locksmiths, so I took opportunity by the ear.

B. Love needs a better advocat them you have shown to be.

P. Why lady! I'm not simply love's advocat; but I'm in verity its suitor in propria persona.

B. Has shame no more a dwelling place in a man of your age who has a whole harem full of wives.

P. Love sweet lady—grows with age and time, and needs to feed in new pastures to preserve its perennial freshness.

B. Pray let me go and let me not prat with such as you of love, which means in you heart passion.

P. Passion madam is the bone and sinew of love, and all its other phases are but the drappery in which it reposes.

(*He falls on knee before her and lays boquet aside of her on sofa*).

Here miss or or madam, take the offering of your devotee with a heart as true as steel, who though a mussulman adores a christian.

(*She rises to leave and he rises and detains her by hand*).

B. What dare you lay hold on me, remember I'm a brittish subject.

P. And remember I'm the pasha. who can enforce what he now entreats.

B. You may force a horse to the water tank; but you cannot make it drink.

(*He tries to kiss her, she resists and screams, while in rear room appears through glass partition, the statue of death with a scythe in hand and the statue of Mahomet aside of him, pointing disapprovingly to Pasha—they now face to it*).

B. (*points*). See there the avenger of innocent womanhood from the tomb.

P. (*Drawing back frightened*). What at the moment I'm about to enjoy elysion pleasures, the king of terror steps into frustrate my purpose, (*going*). But I will come again, meanwhile this mystery explore, (*exit*).



(Reenter Sussie, Beatrice throws herself on sofa, sobbing.)

- S. Why dear mistress so desponding? Light may yet dawn on our darkness.
- B. For god's sake Sussie what can I do to escape, this inhuman brute, he will soon return and use force'.
- S. I procured and have in the anteroom' that eunuchs' dress.
- B. Quick bring it in.

(She goes and returns with it and also a beard, which B. puts on in view of audience).

I'm desperate for no man of valiant clay shall force me, I must escape out of this Platonic hell or else take my worthless life away, as I shall remain true to Ludovic, my lover whose spirit seems even now to hover around me.

- S. (going out). Now quick be ready, I will watch at the postern gate.

(Exit at R. after which B. is dressed and exit at R. while at L. enters a eunuch).

- E. Another self of myself going out there, (looking around) and the fair christian gone? that looks suspicious, I must make quick time to see who that spuck is.

(Runs out R. and returns in few moments dragging Beatrice in she resisting, eunuch's dress and beard partially torn off).

- E. Nay sweet charmer that won't do, we have too high walls here, to take a french leave.
- B. You hired wretch why interfere with my plans? put off me your vile hands.
- E. (Lets her loose), I beg your pardon. but I'm the guar- of this harem, (aside). Now I must quick lock all the outer gates and inform my master of this near escape. (aloud). My dove you better quiet yourself down for I shall leave no loop hole for escape, (exit).

(B. taking off all fragments of eunuch's dress and taking a bottle on stand or niche near by).

- B. One loop hole is still open, though it costs my life, (drinks). Yet I pay it rejoicingly to safe my honor, and an unsullied heart for Ludovic, my heart's idol, though not married to him in life, I will be so in dead, when our soul's earthly vesture is changed for that of the blest.

(Sits on sofa, laying head down as if sleepy)

Ah! I feel already death's messenger galloping through my veins; and I feel as if laying down to pleasant sleep. Come tutulari genii, guide me to your bower of oblivion.



*(Falls back as if dead, still holding bottle in hand—rushes in Sussie).*

S. O my God! I fear my dear mistress has taken her life. *(Kneels before her and feels pulse).* Her hand nearly cold, death does his work swiftly. Oh! mercy what shall I do? *(takes bottle and examines it).* Glory! glory! be to the allmighty, I may be able yet to save her, In the hurry to escape the mussulman's embrace she has mistaken the bottle and instead of poison she has taken an anaesthetic, which I bought a few days ago as a pain killer. This will make her sleep 2 days, *(puts bottle in her pocket and takes another bottle from stand or niche which she puts in B's hand).* Now this bottle of nitric acid, I will put in her hand, now when the pasha and his host come, they will think her stone dead, as the stuff she has now in hand would have killed a horse. In the meantime I will devise some means to rescue her from the tomb.

*(Gets up while pasha, eunuchs etc. rush in).*

P. By Allah and Mahomet his prophet she is dead.

S. *(Puts apron to face crying).* Yes caused by your cruel conduct, she has poisoned herself.

P. Peace, I say you serf.

S. *(Defiant).* I won't keep my peace I'm also a brittish subject and our flag will yet respond to this outrage. I say you lust full barbarians have killed her, killed the sweet innocent flower stone dead.

P. Put her out and let all depart.

*(They put S. out and all exeunt except P. he kneels before B. and takes bottle out of hand).*

P. *(To bottle).* Thou nimble footed destroyer of life has withered this flower which I was about to pluck. Man is goaded on by some unknown power which shapes his end. Thou lifeless clay was taught, when the subtle spirit yet pervaded they form, the holiness of sacrificing thy soul and body to monogamy. While the climate, religion, manners, morals and education of my country have bred into my flesh and bones, poly gamy, and has mirrored before my mind that even the happiness of the here after consists of a great celestial seraglio. Thou blanched form, still beautiful in death, which did awake my passion, has almost persuaded me to become a christian. The aminal love I had first for you, has now become serene, spiritual and sublime, *(kisses her, music adante in rear).* One parting kiss before the tomb, enshrowds thee, *(rising and going).* Thine inage has been moulded here.

*(Points to his breast and exit. Scene changes to street. Time night enter Ludovic).*

- L. This must be the spot where Sussie, my Beatrice faithful waiting woman, promised to meet me. My worst suspicion have been verified, the object of my devotion, is in a pasha's grasp, and worse than that, she has poisoned herself to fly the ills that threatened her, yet as fortune willed it, by mistake she took an anasthetic, from which effects she will awake to night in her tomb. (*looks out*). But who comes here? Thank ye, ye gods, 'tis Sussie, (*enter S*).
- S. My dear master I'm glad to have found you at last.
- L. (*Shakes hands*). First one word and it will lift a load from my burdened soul. Is Beatrice safe?
- S. O my? I have consulted a whole army of disciples of Esculapius, and I know the hour, nay the spot on the dial where the minute hand will be. when from the effect of and over dose of an anasthetic she will awake.
- L. Nay come to the point, at what time will Beatrice awake.
- S. This very night at the stroke of 12, it is so recorded in Copernicus.
- L. If it proves true, I'm thy life long debtor; but is every thing ready? no suspicion floating in the air, as to the fatal phial and our projected rescue.
- S. All is quiet in the harem, the other pasha's wiwes are rejoicing at your lady's tragic end and at the pasha's discomfiture in not securing another new blown rose for his harem.
- L. The infidel dog. Ah! I'm glad, the time is soon at hand when the crescent will be supplanted by the cross.
- S. Since this tragic event, the pasha has rather become moody and pensive, and during day frequently strolls pass her tomb, hands folded, head bend, as if offering his orisin to the supposed dead lady.
- L. I would like to make mintz meat out of him.
- S. He is a man, who with all his faults breded into him by customes and education, has still some nobler parts. His first overture to the lady was born of passion, which has now been transformed into the higher sentiments of pure love.
- (*L. walking up and down, punching his hat*).
- L. For this very thing I would cut his heart out.
- S. Not so fieree, dear master we might be o'er heard, besides it is not good to sit in glass houses. In short I have shipped all our baggagè, and when to night, god safe us we get Beatrice from the tomb, safe restored to life.
- L. Blessed moment when my all will be restored to my perturbed heart.

- S. I say then, that we better take the train which at said hour passes hard by the tomb, to safe us from pursuers.
- L. Sayest thou pursuers?
- S. Aye! as soon as these turks will find out, that we had out generated them, and taken away an intended Mahomet's bride, they will pursue us with a vengeance.
- L. Wilt thou then be there and hold the lantern? while I force the door of the tomb to get mine own.
- S. Aye! punctual, for with my mistress I will live and die but you come better armed in case of emergency, to prevent intruders to frustrate our purpose.
- L. Well said heroic soul; but depend on it, I will be armed to the teeth, and come in the armor of a knight of the crusade, and whoever will wrench her dead or life from this (*points*) breast, must do it when it beats no more.
- S. Pray not so loud I'm afraid the night has ears.
- L. If thus then ever thing speeds well, lets walk to arrange matters to safe ends, (*exeunt*).

*End of Scene.*

SCENE IV. *The mausoleum and mosque. Enter pasha, and boy carrying lantern, stops at entrance, stage dark.*

- P. Boy didst thou not hear unearthly noises and see phantastic shapes whirl through the air, as we passed yonder (*points rear*) palisade.
- B. Nothing master.
- P. (*aside*). A horrible dream waked me up, I saw the dead alive amid a myriad of ghosts, hobgoblins, and fairies, (*aloud*). And you are sure 'twas nothing—your eyes wide open.
- B. Nothing master—my eyes as wide open as a barn door.
- P. (*aside*). As slumber would not close my eyelids, so I'm goaded on to come and see the remains of that fair christian within the tomb near by, (*aloud*). Well boy—I'm sorry to have taken you from your slumber; but lead on to the tomb it cannot be far of, the night is dark as often is the mind.
- B. (*both going slow*). It would then be good to hang a window into the mind, or light it up with a candle.
- P. Peace you little rogue, I'm not in the mood for jocking.
- B. (*at tomb*). Here master, here we are.
- P. (*takes out kies, opens door, says*). You go to (*points*) yonder point and wait, while I examine into the burden of my dream, (*boy exit*). One parting look more, before the conqueror worm, who makes king and beggar like, has marred that beauty, which sets man's soul ablaze.
- (*Now door of tomb opens reveals B. in coffin and a stream of light from tomb comes on stage, P. kneels before her in entrance of tomb*).

P. I see thou still defies the destroyer death, to tarnish thy fair tabernacle, still thou bears the semblance of being steeped in pleasant sleep. Perchance the poisonous cup which made thy spirit fly, will preserve unblemished its earthly vesture. The love I bear thee now is more due for thy noble proud soul, than for thy fairy form, (*rises and closes door*). Farewell, farewell—'Cross the river styx, perchance we meet again, (*to boy*). Ho! boy lets return to our couch for rest.

(*Exit at R. music in rear awhile, moon disappears, then enter at L. Sussie carrying lantern and basket and Ludovic in armor, sword at side, carrying a prying bar, music stops*).

S. A dreadful dark night master.

L. The darkness of the night has left no shade upon my mind; the business of the hour has lid up my soul; but we must be near the place.

S. (*points*). Here is my mistress tomb, (*at tomb now, a bugle is heard in rear*). What does this martial music mean? at this hour of the night.

L. It comes from a garrison of turkish soldiers stationed hard by here, announcing the arrival of the patrol, (*looks on watch*). But 'tis time to break the door, for 12 o'clock is coming on apace.

S. When my dear mistress will awake.

L. To that I say amen, and hope that we will soon finish the business before the grand patrol will pass this way.

S. Then quick master—for god's sake, that we may escape before the blood hounds come.

L. For my sake I court these things, and would like to make some of them a head shorter, but for your and your mistress sake, I will hurry up, (*prys door open*). You are sure, that shortly after 12, the train for Italy will arrive.

S. Aye! 5 minutes after the stroke of 12, as recorded by the time table.

(*Door opens, light flashes on stage, he rushes in tomb, kneels before her, Sussie remains at entrance*).

L. Oh! my angel do we thus meet again, here at the final resting place, where the weary heart ceases to beat. No power in hell shall wrest thee more from this (*point*) breast. Let me press thee to my bosom.

S. Not yet master—not yet—wait till the struck of 12. Esculapius so advised, as else she might not revive.

L. (*looks on watch*). The time is at hand, the dial points at the fated hour.

(*A gong in rear now strikes 12, at the last stroke Beatrice shakes and utters, a faint cry while bell in her hand rings, she is about falling forward when he grasps her in his*



arms. Bugle sound in rear is now heard again. Sussie looks out.

S. Quick master the soldiers are coming.

(He brings her out, and he and Sussie retreating to L. while at R. enters pasha in uniform and sword at side.)

P. Ah! my portentions vision was then not all a dream. she lives, and is in the arms of a christian dog, hell and fury.

L. Aye a christian, (both draw), and as you say a dog; but who can make food for the carion crow, of the carcass of a base idfidel like thee.

(They fight, Ludovic having in one arm Beatrice, Sussie going around P. and pocks him with umbrella. Locomotive whistle and noise of train is heard in rear. Pasha falls stabled).

P. Oh! I'm slain.

L. Infidel dog die then the death deserved.

(Train now appears at R. stops while all rush on, it starts again, whistles, music plays a charge, while rush in a lot of turkish soldiers with bayonettes, but too late. Sussie seen yet putting her extended hands at nose in the derision of soldiers, while she, L. and B. exeunt on train),  
Curtain drops.

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#### TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.

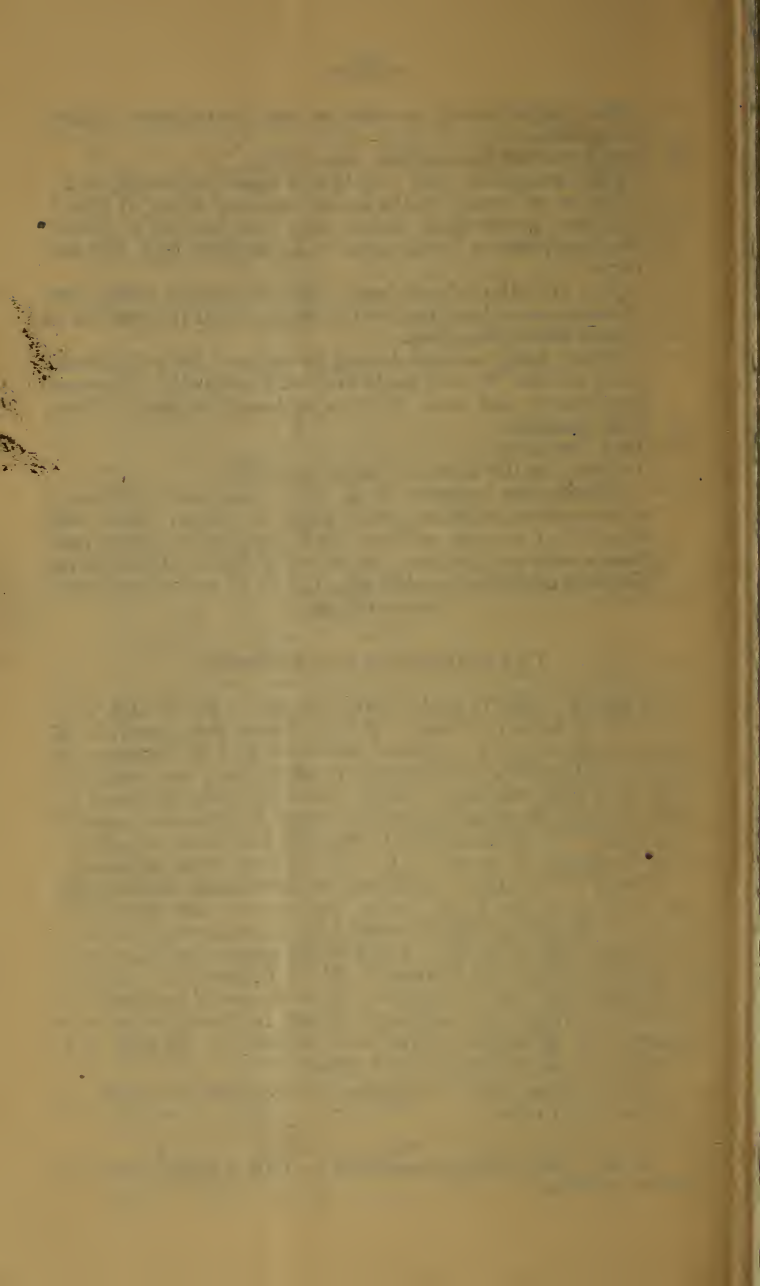
Page 2, Line 18 make 'you' of 'yon,' L. 33 add 'r' to 'you,' L. 40 leave out 'and.' P. 3, L. 3 add 'r' to 'you,' L. 27 leave out 'as then,' L. 44 leave out 'are.' P. 4, L. 24 leave out 'this,' L. 31 omit 's' in 'belongs,' L. 43 'fiddler,' for 'fidellers.' P. 5, L. 4 add 'the door,' after 'at.' P. 6, L. 23 insert [,] after 'sits,' L. 29 make 'coax,' for 'cox,' L. 36 make 'eunuch' for 'enuch,' L. 47 omit 'the.' Page 7, L. 6 after 'is' add 'a.' P. 8, L. 40 add 'f' to 'of.' P. 9, L. 15 omit 'l' in 'allready,' L. 27 add 'f' to 'afair,' L. 33 add 's' to 'roman,' make 'only' out 'noly' in L. 43, L. 48 make 'forerunner' out 'forruner' P. 11, L. 17 add 'a' after 'what,' L. 18 make 'he' for 'see.' L. 46 add 'add 'e' in 'ky.' P. 12, L. 22 make 'God' for 'god,' L. 24 add 'c' for 'e' in 'careass.' P. 13 L. 3 add 'r' to 'you,' L. 29 leave out 'or.' P. 15, L. 35 leave out 'e' in 'they,' L. 43 make 'animal' out 'aminal.' P. 16, L. 3 alter 'e' to 'c' in 'object.' L. 24 makes 'wives' for 'wiwes,' L. 36 add 'e' to 'breded,' L. 45 make 'God' for 'god.'

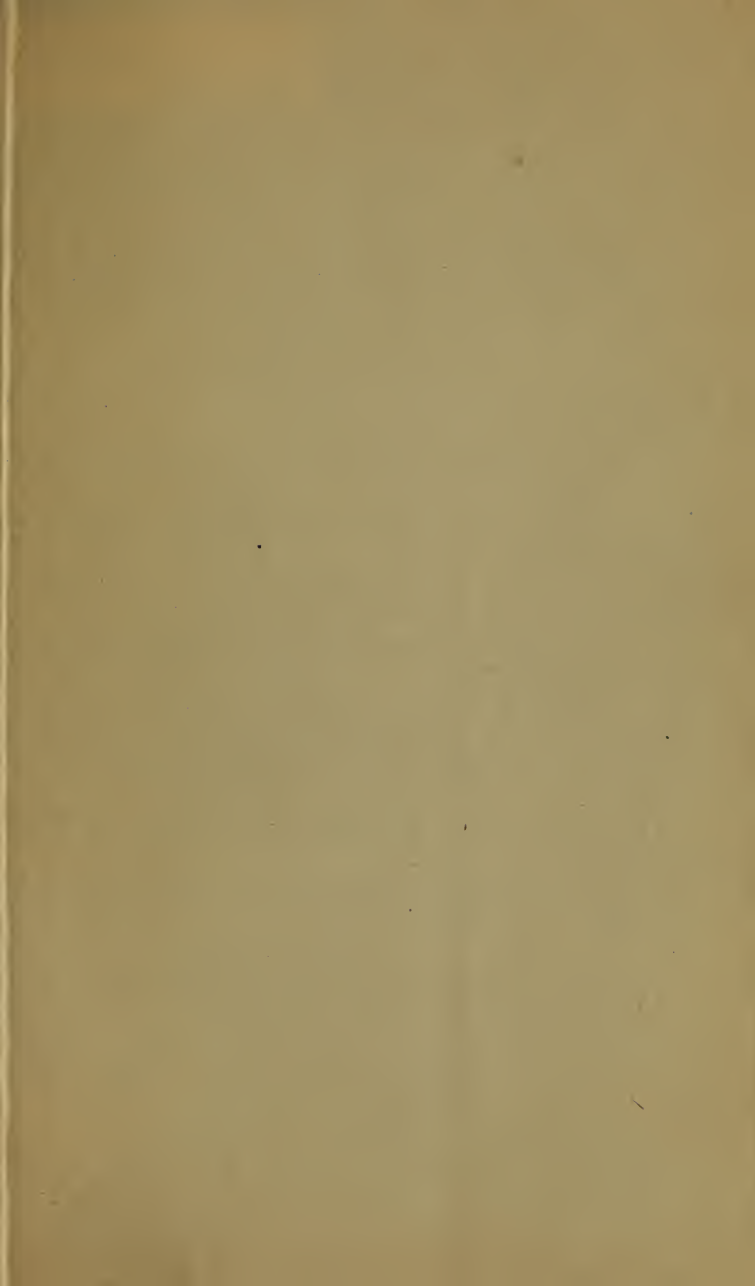
N. B. The author reverses to himself the right to novelize this drama.

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N. B. The author removed to 1202 Lynch Street, to which address.

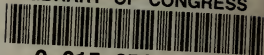






# EDITORIAL

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A few extracts from Newspaper reviews of the authors works.

ST. LOUIS REPUBLICAN May 10th, 1868, (Ocean Wave.) The author's work is of the transcendental school and the speculation it sets forth are sufficiently curious to catch the attention and sustain the interest of the reader. His poem reminds use of Walt. Whitman's flight in the regions of the poetic unknown, etc.

CHICAGO INTER-OCEAN, May 20th, 1873, (Evening Thoughts.) We must give the author credit for shrewd observation and native humor and the reader will find in the book an ample fund of laughter moving fancies, etc.

WESTERN RURAL, May 10th, 1873. The book before us contains witty dramas and happy pen pictures and is overflowing with humor and genius.

IRISH WORLD, N. Y., January 11th, 1873. The work before us possesses merits and contains much originality and sparkling wit, etc.

SUNDAY DEMOCRAT, March 9th, 1873. From the perusal of the interesting work before us, we felt much pleasure, etc.

IOWA STATE REGISTER, April 25, 1873. The author, Unicus, well known in Chicago Journalism presents to us a work of decided merit, etc.

IRISH DEMOCRAT, N. Y., February 1st, 1873. The work before us possesses much merit, and its originality and scintillation of genius, brightened up still more by gems of flashing wit are fit to recommend the author. The chapter on chavers, is full of fun and paints, city life just as it is, etc.

LITTLE ROCK REPUBLICAN, May 2nd, 1873. It is an interesting, an original work and its author displays much genius and wit of a high order, etc.

CHICAGO PILOT, July 22nd, 1876. Americanu's, the drama refers to American Life, habits, etc. It contains many hits, well made at our prevailing customs, etc.

CHICAGO PILOT, November 18th, 1876. We have received from the author a drama entitled "Baronet or Butcher." The work before us is light and brilliant and abounds in numerous scenic and delightful dramatic effects, etc.

Address the author at

*S. W. Cor. 12th Street and Clark Avenue,*

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